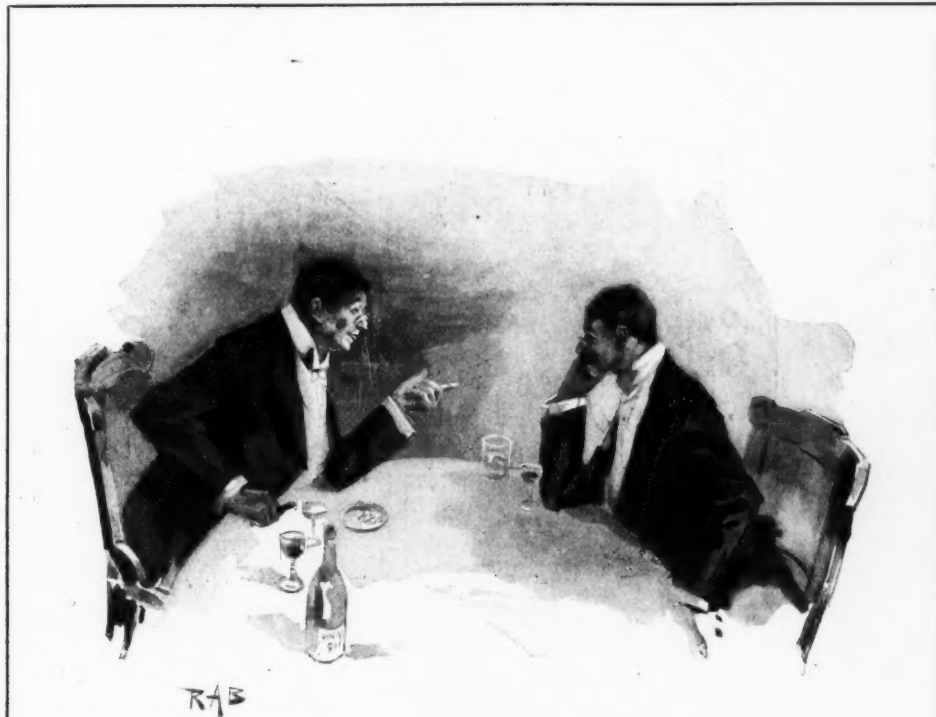


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THE MAN FOR THE PLACE.

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## THE MODERN INQUISITION.

IT is difficult to overestimate the value of a knowledge gained by the cutting and tearing of living animals.

One interesting experiment is to remove a dog's stomach and then ascertain how long he can live without it.

We also learn from the *Journal of Zoöphily* that in Philadelphia there is a Dr. Watson, who experimented upon a hundred and forty-one dogs by raising them to a height and dropping them upon ridges and bars of iron, in order to test the effect of the painful bruises and the breaking of the backs, which were the result. There is also a Dr. Phelps, who selected a number of dogs, and after twisting their legs over their backs, thus placing them in an excessively cramped and unnatural position, sealed them up in plaster of paris, which prevented their obtaining any relief.

What pleasant neighbors this Watson and this Phelps must have been as boys! They could probably get as much "fun" out of cats and dogs then as they do now.

LIFE is looking forward to the day when these adult brutes will be treated like other criminals.



"BILL, WOULD YOU MARRY A GAL LIKE THAT?"

"NOT FOR YER LIFE! IT'D TAKE A ROCKYFELLER OR A ASTER TO KEEP HER IN CHEWIN' GUM."



He: THE CRITICS SAID MY ACTING WAS FAIRLY GOOD, BUT THAT MY STAGE PRESENCE WAS BAD.

She (wishing to console): OH, I THINK IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN REVERSED.

"BEEN to the theatre, eh! What did you see?"

"I saw a large black hat, with five ostrich feathers, a rhinestone buckle and two magenta roses. And once, (*here the strong man's voice trembled*) once, for one moment, I thought I saw half of a sofa at the extreme left of the stage; but I cannot be sure."





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXV. FEBRUARY 7, 1895. No. 632.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.00 a year, extra. Single copies 10 cents. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



IT is a practice with some of the newspapers of this State to improve every chance to make game of our esteemed State Board of Arbitration and expatiate upon its worthlessness and denounce it as a useless expense. It costs about twenty thousand dollars a year. It attempts to settle all strikes, and once in a while it does settle one. The Board's powers are limited, and with the best intentions and endeavors it usually fails to do much good. But a very moderate allowance of successful arbitration is worth to the State all the Board costs. It is a respectable body, which earns its pay and constitutes at least a step in the right direction. Where it is weak in membership—if it is weak—it should be strengthened, and where its powers are inadequate they should be enlarged. For folks adrift a life-boat is usefuller than a plank, but until the life-boat is forthcoming it is the part of wisdom to hang on the plank.



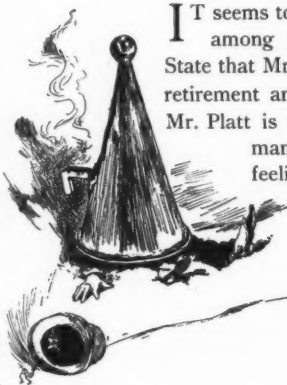
THE job of conducting the employers' end of a big railroad strike seems simplicity itself. Labor makes its demands, the president or manager touches the button which says "No," and the strikers do all the rest. However moderate or reasonable their first demands may be, it only takes them about two days to create circumstances in which it becomes a paramount public duty to club or shoot them into submission. If only the manager will keep on saying "No!" it would appear that he *must* win. It may cost his road something, but it costs the strikers more.

All the contemporary railroad strikes seem to be based on the intention of the men who strike to use violence to prevent the employment of new men. The Brooklyn men must have known that in such times as these there were multitudes of men who were eager to take their places. Yet they struck, with the obvious intention of keeping their places empty by fair means or foul. This attempt has been made again and again, at immense inconvenience to the public,

and at painful cost to the experimenters. It is played out. It costs too much to every one concerned, and especially to the public, which having done no wrong and committed no folly has still to suffer for the sins and follies of others. Vicarious atonement is a familiar thing and not always to be avoided, but as a practical principle it isn't popular. It ought to be possible to settle by law what is the duty of a railroad to its employees, what is the duty of the employees to the road, and what are the duties of both to the public. Such differences as those which lately turned Brooklyn upside down and left the dancing classes of New York bare of beaux, should be settled in the courts. The method of fighting them out in the streets is altogether too crude, too costly, and too intolerably inconvenient.



IF the income tax is to be collected will Secretary Carlisle oblige many friends and constant readers by using his very best discretion in the appointment of his collectors? It will not be a very gracious office to collect that tax, and bank presidents and persons in the enjoyment of lucrative and respectable jobs will not grab at those collectorships. But there are honest and decent men enough to do the work if the trouble is taken to find them. Give us good men, Mr. Secretary; close-mouthed and conscientious persons who will do their duty. Don't let loose on us a crew of black-mailing brigands whose first concern will be to discover what there is in the income tax for *them*.



IT seems to be a very prevalent sentiment among men of sound views in this State that Mr. Platt should go into political retirement and pull the hole in after him. Mr. Platt is well known to be a sensitive man, and out of regard for his feelings LIFE refrains from dwelling on the signal advantages of compliance on his part with this lawful public wish. It is not indelicate, however, to assure Mr. Platt that if he will consent to go, a hole will be furnished him free of expense, and diggers provided who will dig him in gratis.

A LITTLE expenditure of three millions more will finish the Capitol at Albany. After that the only expense will be for its maintenance and the annual bill for repairs. About thirty millions is all the Capitol has cost. But what a comparatively happy State New York would be if it had a five million dollar house at Albany and the other twenty-five millions safely invested in good roads.



"WELL, WELL, A NICE PIECE OF BEEF. THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL A REGULAR—"

#### CORRECTING A POPULAR PREJUDICE.

THE President of the Advanced American Business Women's Union wore her most becoming street costume, and the consciousness that she was the best dressed woman in the room lent an additional dignity to her manner as she rose in her place with the gavel in her hand.

"The members will please come to order," she remarked as she rapped vigorously on the desk.

Instantly the hum of conversation ceased although dismembered fragments of such commercial and technical phrases as "puffed sleeves," "forty-nine cents a yard," "iridescent passementerie," still floated through the room.

"Before proceeding with the regular business of the meeting," said the President in a penetrating and scornful voice, "I wish to read a portion of a vulgar and most offensive communication I have received lately.

"It is in the nature of a topical song and attempts to cast feeble ridicule on that crowning triumph of our dawning Twentieth Century, 'The Advanced Woman.' The wretched doggerel runs as follows:

She wants to wear trousers—'just like a man!  
She's captured his vest and his coat!  
She tries to play tennis as well as she can;  
To smoke cigarettes and to vote.

*Chorus.*

'Just like a man!' 'Just like a man!  
She wants to be just like a man!  
You cannot persuade her  
That nature has made her  
On a wholly different plan.

"Of course," remarked the President, "I should not have bored you with even this slight portion of this imbecile effusion if I had not wished to take some notice of the fact that the impression it conveys is so widely prevalent among the uneducated and lower classes, that is to say among *men* in general.

"It is just too perfectly ridiculous for anything to say we want to be like Man," she continued hotly, as she raised her arm and adjusted

her husband's best necktie, which was climbing over the back of one of his new imported collars. The collar, it must be admitted, was a size too large for her. Men are so thoughtless!

"Like a *man*! the idea! Why, we believe in advancement not retrogression! We would sooner imitate our ancestral apes than the modern members of the masculine sex.

"Apes never belonged to horrid clubs and came home at unholy hours too inebriated to use a latch-key. Apes never forgot to mail letters or made fun of their wives' cooking or objected to tidies and window curtains. Apes never refused to pay household bills or lectured about extravagance. And *Apes*!" she continued with magnificent emphasis, "*never refused women the right to vote!*"

After waiting for the thunders of applause to subside, she went on:

"So what is Man that we should imitate him? We utterly deny that there is a single trait worthy of even half-hearted admiration in his mental and moral nature that is not derived directly from his mother. No, the fact of the matter is just this. Man has always selfishly selected and appropriated for himself the best of everything."

Here a few hopeless spinsters on the back seats who were sadly conscious that Man had never appropriated them, flushed and looked uneasy.

"Now that the progress of science and civilization has indisputably shown his inferior nature, we, Advanced Women, feel that *we* are entitled to the best, and we are going to wrest it from him."

"How?" asked a pretty girl in a rich brown cloth gown, with coat to match, and blue velvet toque.

The President frowned. "That has not been settled yet, but it will be done. We want the best, not because Man has it, but because we want it!" she said conclusively. "And that disposes of all this silly talk about imitation. Do not forget that we are pioneers in a glorious movement. Ah, my sisters, the day shall surely come when Man will lie upon the bargain counter of Creation and find no one to take him, even at his ridiculously marked down valuation!"

And every member present felt a delicious thrill of expectant hope that this stupendous prophecy might be realized in her time.

*Harry Romaine.*



"SNAP!"

## BOOKISHNESS

### THE LAUDERDALE FAMILY AGAIN.

OF the twenty-three novels that F. Marion Crawford has published the writer recalls only two that he did not read with what is usually called "absorbing interest"—"Khaled" and "The Witch of Prague." He may have had very decided opinions as to the varying literary merit of this long list of books, but never but one opinion as to their power of catching hold of a reader at the start and keeping him down to business till the last page. In them all he does not remember that the author has consciously or unconsciously duplicated a single dramatic situation. If any writer of fiction in English during the past decade has shown an equal fertility of invention the present writer cannot name him.

The easiest sort of criticism is the kind that tells how many things the writer discussed is *not*. It is possible to write a perfectly true criticism of the best novelist who ever wrote on this basis, and make it "scathing"; but it would not be just. For instance, how easy it would be to enumerate all the virtues of Hawthorne and show that Fielding did not possess a single one of them; but no sane man would consider that a test of the merits of Fielding.

The writer, therefore, prefers to say that, as an inventor of plots and a teller of entrancing tales, Mr. Crawford has to-day few equals. He has many other pleasing qualities as a writer in unequal degrees, but here he is supreme.

\* \* \*

THE latest exhibition of Mr. Crawford's skill in this direction is "The Ralstons" (Macmillan)—a very long novel which succeeds in holding your attention in spite of an unusual number of digressions which seem to delay the plot.

It is not an agreeable story—the bickerings of the Lauderdale family being frequent and exceedingly irritating. But it is something of an achievement to show the strange results of an inherited family temper working in different personalities. There is a great deal of truth in this presentation of a strong family trait—one of the kind which makes the members of the family charming people to outsiders but very annoying to each other. They have a keen appreciation of each other's virtues, but bring them together and their eccentricities clash. They know it is foolish, but for their lives they cannot change it.

One of the best characters that the author has ever drawn is the old millionaire, *Robert Lauderdale*—a portrait of great strength, and unusual pathos of a virile kind. The chapters describing his illness and death are the best in the book—full of dignity and dramatic force.

With his accustomed dexterity the author springs a complete surprise upon the reader in the very last chapter.

As a whole, "The Ralstons" is a worthy sequel to "Katharine Lauderdale," which in America has been one of

the most successful of the author's books. In England, it is said, they do not like it, though *Punch* has given it his blessing. *Droch.*

### NEW BOOKS.

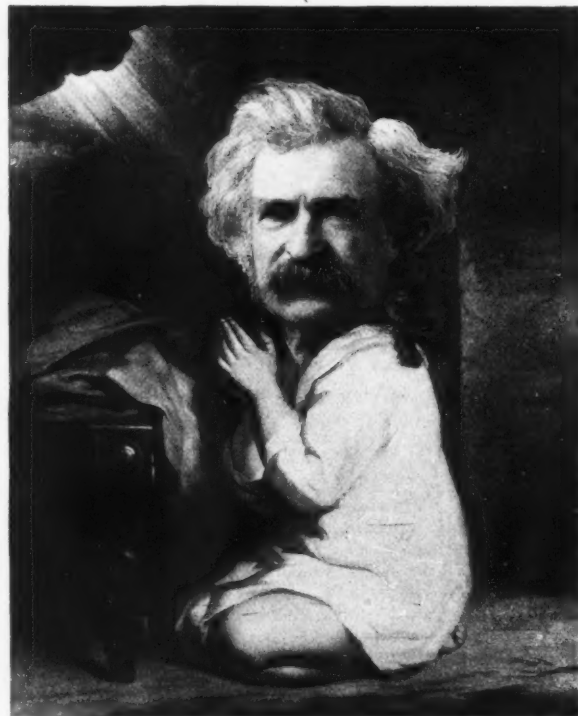
*GEORGE WILLIAM CURTI.* By Edward Cary. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

*A Century of Charades.* By William Bellamy. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

*Woman in Epigram.* Compiled by Frederick W. Morton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

*A Bachelor Maid.* By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: The Century Company.

*The Daughter of the Nes Percds.* By Arthur Paterson. New York: Geo. Gottsberger Peck.



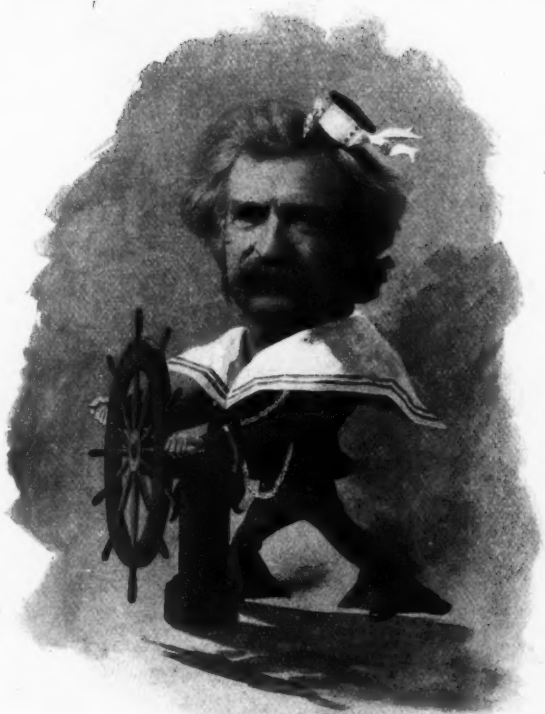
### THE GROWTH OF GREATNESS. IV.

MARK S. TWAIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHEN THREE YEARS OF AGE.

THE lineaments of Mr. Mark S. Twain are perhaps not so familiar to our readers as are his well known nursery rhymes and obituary verse. We therefore take especial pleasure in presenting the features of this rising genius. Mr. Twain was born in Alsafiz, Persia, where his father was stationed as a missionary. It was there that he gained the thorough knowledge of the Persian language which has made his name famous in connection with his dainty translations of Persian love songs. At the age of twenty he returned to this country and accepted a position as conductor on the New York Central Railroad. Here he quickly amassed a fortune, which he has since used wisely and generously in the endowment of several charitable institutions. In 1891 he entered politics and accepted the Republican nomination for President of the United States. His election seemed a





MARK S. TWAIN.

FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHEN A PILOT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

foregone conclusion, but as his views on the Woman Suffrage question were a little behind the times he was defeated by a small majority. The last three months of that year he devoted to literary pursuits, writing and publishing, among other things, the *Century Dictionary*. His first intention was to publish it as a serial in one of the magazines, but better counsels prevailed, and he issued it in book form.

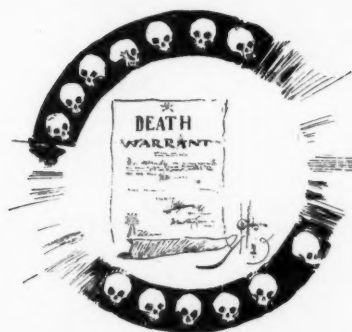
Mr. Twain's versatility is well known, the only field that his pen has not invaded being that of humor. We have no doubt that if Mr. Twain should attempt it he could produce some really humorous literature.

In appearance Mr. Twain is perhaps a little bit too *svelte*, but in the sensuous languor of his eyes and the rich redness of his lips one sees the true poetic temperament betrayed. His hair is a bright bay, and his ears are situated on either side of his head. Mr. Twain is now exploring the headwaters of the Saskatchewan, and all scientific Europe is eagerly awaiting the result of his researches.

**PENELOPE:** Well, Bishop, after all, there's only a difference of a single syllable between salvation and perdition.

**THE BISHOP:** Why, my dear young lady, how can you say that!

**PENELOPE:** It's merely a question of eternal bliss or eternal blisters.



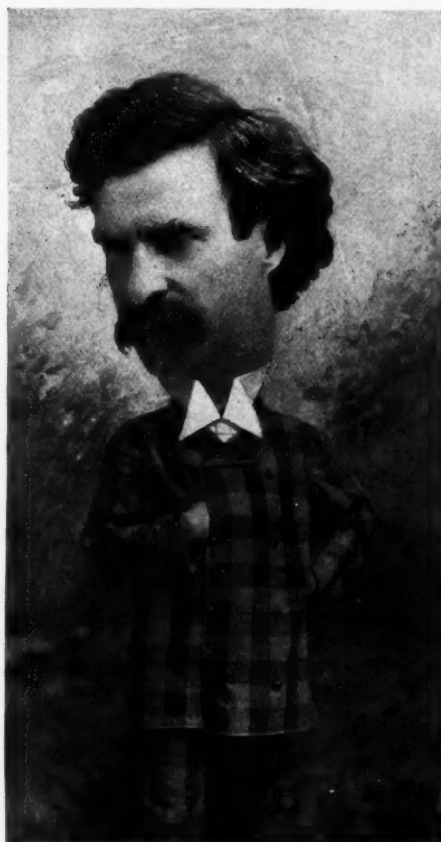
doctors that the patient would have had no chance of living without an operation."

This is indeed a surprise.

And how unlike a doctor!

From what we know of these gentlemen we should expect them to say: "Our diagnosis was wrong. The operation may have been

a mistake and he might have recovered without it."



MARK S. TWAIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN GALILEE IN 1869.

NUMBER 978403214.

**T**HE other day we read of another operation for appendicitis in which the victim failed to recover. This was natural and to be expected, particularly if the real trouble lay in his lungs or brain. No up-to-date doctor can afford to fail in detecting a clear case of appendicitis occasionally.

In this case we are informed that "it is the opinion of the

**W**HY is it that physicians who are supposed to work on scientific lines are so liable to go off at half cock?

It appears now that anti-toxine, their latest fad, is dying of diphtheria. It has had a dangerous little life but will soon be lying in the ash barrel with Koch's Lymph, Brown-Sequard's Elixir and similar wonders.

**BIGGS:** There are very few poor men in the Senate, nowadays.

**DIGGS:** Yes, but there are plenty of mighty poor Senators.

**I**F God made the country, and man the town, the devil must have designed the suburbs.



*Ed. G. ...*

A LOVERS' CHAIR

SOME MOTHERS ARE GOOD





ERS' CARREL.

GOOD MAKERS, BUT—



## MORE HIGH ART.

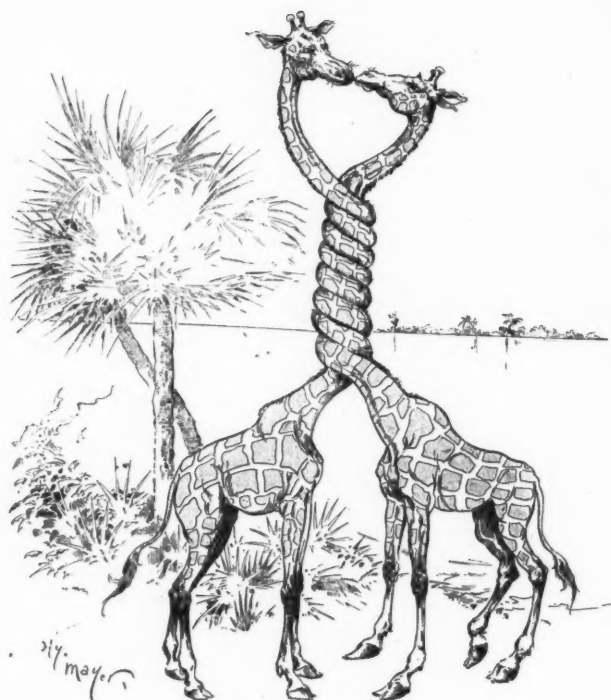


LIFE thoroughly enjoys a piece like "The Twentieth Century Girl." A moderately good or moderately bad play may become wearisome, but absolute tommy-rot is interesting because one can sit and gamble with one's self on the chances of being able to sit the play out.

In this case some of the audience preferred to leave the warm theatre and go out in the cold, cold world to watch the cable-cars go by. A cable-car in active operation is really a strong counter-attraction against such a piece as "The Twentieth Century Girl."

This production is a very beautiful example of the sort of thing which is bringing the American stage to the highest artistic plane. We have, first off, some managers with money and a theatre. They may not know much about art, but they do know—or think they know—

the New York public. Then they secure a play-manufacturer and tell him what they want. In this case it was Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld, and for the sake of his previous reputation it is to be hoped that he gave them what they wanted, not what he wanted to write himself. Then a composer was secured, and, probably because the management were ignorant on this point, he managed to slip in a little music that was not absolutely bad. Then a company had to be engaged, and this was done on the excellent business basis of securing names that would look well on a bill-board irrespective of whether their possessors were back-numbers artistically or had any qualifications whatever for the parts to which they were assigned. To this was added a female chorus recruited from that element of the Tenderloin precinct which knows more about champagne and diamonds than it does about Shakespeare or Delsarte. These managers being good business men, figured out from this combination a sure success. With the usual accessories of gay costumes and very fine work by the electric light man with the colored screens, it ought to have attracted the presence and dollars of those New York audiences who make such shows succeed up to the



AN AFRICAN ENGAGEMENT.

point where they may be sent out on the road to victimize the farmers of Chicago and Philadelphia. But it looks as though this piece was just a little bit too bad even for New York. Had there been any suspicion whatever of fun in the book, the whole thing might have scored. As it is, we are happy to say, from the artistic side, as opposed to the purely commercial interests, it is likely to be a rank failure.

The piece was produced at what was formerly the Bijou, but is now the Gaiety Theatre, and its proprietors had the sublime courage to ask two dollars each for seats at this performance.

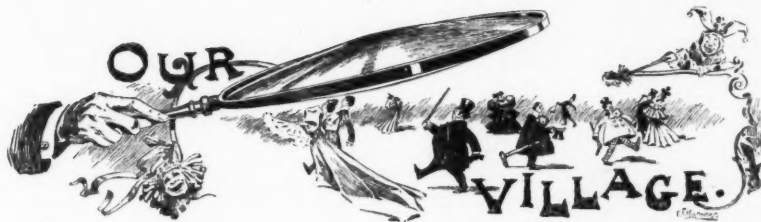
\* \* \*

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY seems at last to have secured a leading man competent to the work required with his company. Mr. Frank Worthing has an excellent stage-presence, is good looking, and best of all for Mr. Daly's purposes seems—if we may use a term which has been debauched out of its true meaning—to have caught the serio-comic spirit of Mr. Daly's society lovers.

\* \* \*

IT doesn't often happen to an English actor in America to be roasted before his appearance, but Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his company had that experience at the Hotel Vendome fire. As we write we are not able to expatiate on the justice or injustice of the occurrence, but we expect to do so next week.

*Metcalfe.*



I.

IN the first place Our Village is, like its neighbor, Cranford, of which Mrs. Gaskell has written with so much humor, in possession of the Amazons. I do not mean by that that we have no gentlemen to add zest to our diversions, but such as we have are limited in intelligence and in numbers as well, and so it has come to pass that the real leadership of affairs in our little provincial hamlet is vested in the ladies, and it is owing to their efforts and good taste that Our Village has become what it is to-day.

That the stronger sex has played a certain part in the astounding development and growth which have made the past decade a notable one for us I will not for a moment deny, but that it is almost entirely because of the ladies that we occupy the important position in the eyes of the rest of the world that we do to-day is a fact that none conversant with our mode of life will attempt to gainsay. It is they who dictate to us in all social matters, whose influence is dominant in literature and the arts, and it is entirely because of the ladies that the American Press stands ever like a watchful sentinel at our gates, holding in its hand a huge magnifying glass through which we are viewed by an eager, admiring and envious multitude without.

Viewed through this great lens our comings and goings, our marriages and simple jests, our amusements, even the most trivial happenings of our daily life are exaggerated a thousand-fold, while our ignorance, provincialism and uncouth social usages are raised to the very 4th power of cultivation, refinement and importance. In truth we would amount to no more in the eyes of the world than any other provincial hamlet were it not for the Press—that magnificent engine of power, thought and achievement—which interposes between us and the eager gaze of those who dwell without our gates, the huge convex crystal by which everything and everybody in Our Village is so charmingly distorted.

Of late years we have interested ourselves in literature, music and kindred arts, and have sanctified them to our use in true rural fashion by libations of tea accompanied by vociferous and inconsequent conversation. If we give a musicale, the melody acts merely as an occasional interruption to the flow of talk; if we wish to bestow our blessing on an exhibition of pictures, we appoint a few of our members to pour tea into cups and then permit the

general public to see how they do it—for which precious privilege they are delighted to pay handsomely. At our literary gatherings literature is swamped in tea.

But of all the arts which have flourished under the patronage bestowed upon them in Our Village, music has unquestionably rendered the highest service in the process of development which has been going on among us during the past decade, and I positively shudder when I think of the depths of ignorance and degradation in which we would have remained had it not been for the refining and uplifting influences of grand opera. It is at the opera that we learn to cultivate that most charming quality in woman, a loud voice, and it is there that we teach our innocent young daughters the incalculable value of dress and precious stones as an accessory to beauty and virtue, and at the same time accustom them to the ordeal of baring themselves to the great white light of the magnifying glass—a part of their education which we regard as of infinitely greater importance than the acquisition of the sort of knowledge that lies between book-covers.

It is at the opera, too, that our finer sentiments of charity and good will to others rise to

the surface, as, looking down from our boxes we can see our less fortunate fellow creatures pointing us out to one another with the aid of the programmes, on which we are all duly catalogued like prize pumpkins at a country fair, and listening with apparent interest to our animated conversation.

As an educational institution the opera is simply invaluable to us, for at no other academy could our daughters prepare themselves so quickly and thoroughly for the crowning event of our season—the annual horse-show.

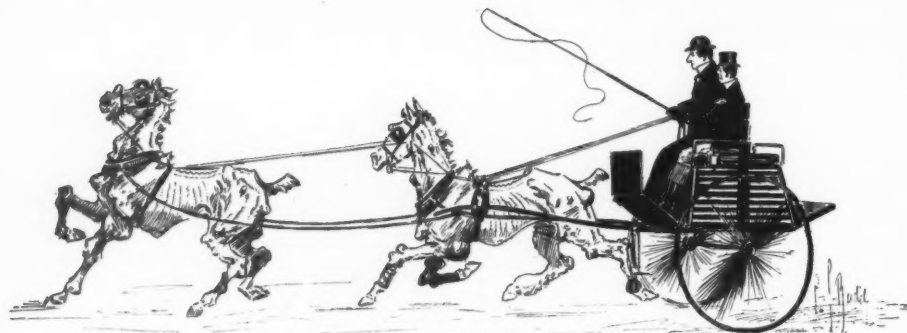
If you have never attended one of our horse shows I will endeavor, in a few words, to convey to your mind some idea of its splendors. There is no other hamlet in the land which can boast of such an exhibition as the one which is given every autumn in Our Village, and in which we are displayed to even better advantage than we are at the opera.

The show is given in the largest of our places of amusement, and the exhibition stalls are sold at public auction a few days before the opening of the show. The enormous prices paid for the privilege of sitting in the most conspicuous of the stalls insure the exclusiveness of the affair, and impart to it the atmosphere of high bred reserve and decorum for which it is justly celebrated. Every afternoon and evening we seat ourselves in our loose boxes, and then the "outsiders," as we call the people who do not live on *our* side of the magnifying glass, pay a dollar apiece for the privilege of walking about and inspecting us. Sometimes they sell pools on the weight of such of us as strike their humorous fancy, while guessing contests in reference to the age



"Hi, Bill! QUICK! THE SCHOOL TEACHER HAS JUST GONE UNDER!"  
"WELL, LET HIM ALONE. WE DON'T NEED HIM TILL NEXT MONDAY."





A NOBBY TEAM.

## LITERARY NEWS.

TRILBY'S Ben Bolted with,  
The Green Carnation's red,  
The Duchess was too indiscreet,  
And Sherlock Holmes is dead!

## USURPED FASHIONS.

"IF there's anything I dislike," said one citizen, "it's to see a man effeminate in his attire."

"It is unpleasant," was the reply; "and yet about the only way for him to keep from being so these days is to put on petticoats."

of certain well known belles help to beguile the hours of waiting.

The great lens of the magnifying glass reveals us in splendid prismatic colors to the outside world—a world which little thinks of what we are called upon to endure as we sit day after day and night after night in the great white light that beats upon Our Village; a world that never dreams of the feelings of envy which fill our hearts when we look at the horses in the ring and realize that there is scarcely one of them that has not a pedigree.

James L. Ford.

## IN HARD LUCK.

JONES: How's Wheeler getting along since he bought a bicycle?

BROWN: On crutches, I believe.

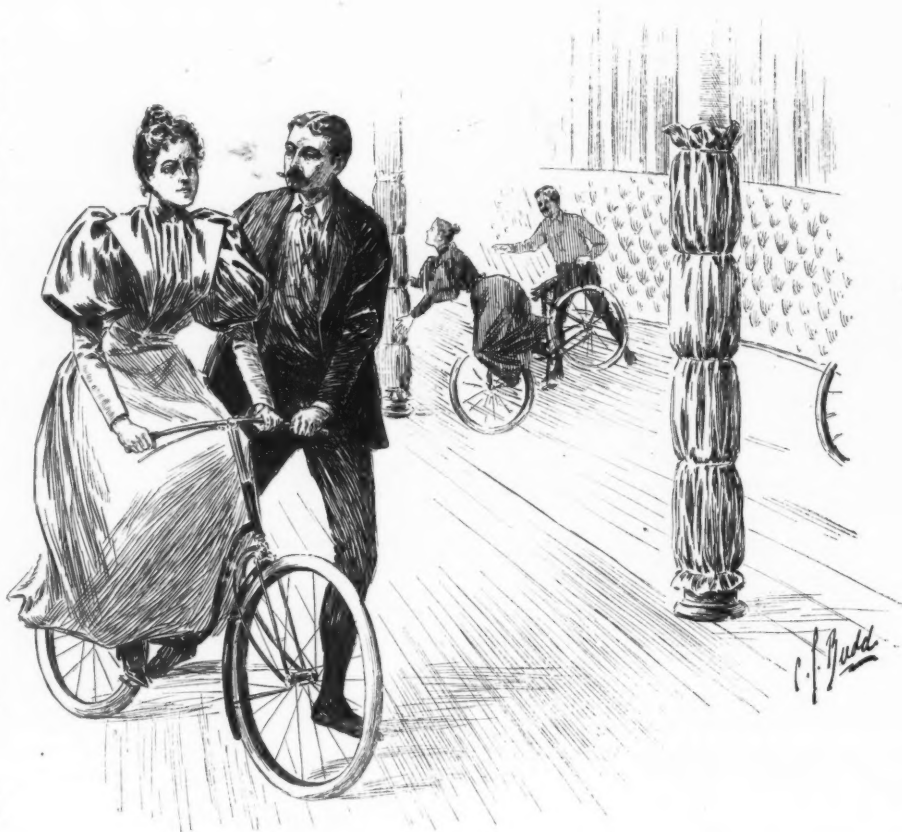
## NOT GUILTY.

PASTOR (*reprovingly*): Was that a poker chip you put into the contribution box?

DEACON (*indignantly*): No, sir. I didn't have a single chip when I quit last night.

THE MAN (*who is already the worse for liquor and has ordered more*): Yaas, I believe in the Transmigration of Souls.

ONE OF THE GIRLS: Perhaps you were a man before you became a tank.



The Lady: IT RUNS RIGHT INTO SOMETHING THE MINUTE YOU LET GO. OH, I'M SURE I CAN NEVER LEARN TO RIDE IT.

Instructor: KEEP RIGHT ON, MA'AM; YOU'LL GET IT SOON. WHY, I TAUGHT AN IDIOT TO RIDE LAST WEEK.



*Young Tourist: WHAT SHALL WE TRY?  
Honest Waiter (in a whisper): TRY ANOTHER RESTAURANT.*

DISCOURAGING.

"DOES your papa object to my calling upon you, Miss Dolyers?"  
 "Not in the least, Mr. Spudds."  
 "Does your mamma?"  
 "No."  
 "Do your brothers?"  
 "I think not."  
 "Then I guess I'm pretty solid."  
 "But there is one member of the family you neglected to ask about, and who does object most heartily."  
 "I thought I had named them all, but now I think of it, I did omit to ask about your pug."  
 "Oh, Fido doesn't mind you."  
 "Then who is it that objects to my coming to see you?"  
 "It is only I, Mr. Spudds."

"BINKS has got one of those talking machines."  
 "A phonograph?"  
 "No; a wife."

A CONSIDERATE DOMESTIC.

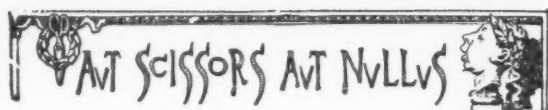
MIKE: Phwat the devil have ye thim dirty dishtowels shtuck in the spakin' chubes for?  
 MARIA: To presarve the pace o' mind o' the misthress's daughters. They're all ould maids, an' if they wor to hear the burnin' words o' love that you do be t'rowin' at me thay'd be kep' awake all night wid invy.

SHOULD BE THANKFUL FOR THAT.

WILLIS: There's one thing you people who reside in Brooklyn ought to be thankful for.  
 WALLACE: What's that?  
 "You don't live any longer than other folks."

A REAL EFFORT.

"DO you remember the heathen in your prayers, Tommy?"  
 "Yes; I prayed real hard that the little boys in Africa might have a jolly snow for Christmas."



ST. LOUIS has the prize Dogberry of the nineteenth century. This blue-coated and brass-buttoned custodian of the law overhauled a sleep-walker the other night who was promenading the sidewalk in the uniform not exactly appropriate to this late season of the year. He was dressed in his night robes only. The officer arrested him, aroused him from his slumber, escorted him to his home, made him dress and then took him down to the station-house to lock him up.

"Surely you are not going to lock me up?" exclaimed the sleep-walker.

"Of course I am," said the officer.

"Why, I can't be held responsible for the predicament you found me in. I am a somnambulist."

"I don't give a d—n what church you are a member of," said the officer. "You can't walk the streets of St. Louis in your shirt tail if you belong to all the churches in the city."—*Memphis Commercial-Appeal*.

THE Rev. Philip D. Schaff, who about thirty years ago was preaching in Mercersburg, Pa., up to that time had never been married, nor had he kept house. By the charms of one of the sisters of his flock he was persuaded to do the former, and, as a matter of course, the latter followed.

He and his wife had not been long domiciled when the perplexing question arose how to get rid of the kitchen refuse.

The doctor was advised by a neighbor to buy a small pig, and the advice was accompanied by an offer to sell him one. Accordingly the pig was purchased, and immediately another problem came up to be solved, viz.: how to get a pen for it. Casting about, the Doctor discovered a large dry goods box in which some of his household effects had been received. He set to work with saw and hammer, and with pieces of boards from the box he soon constructed a pen, which was only a little larger than the pig itself. In a few weeks the pig grew so that it hardly had room to turn around, and another difficult question had to be settled. The Doctor studied over this matter several days; meanwhile the pig was hourly getting larger. He finally decided to go over to the neighbor from whom it was purchased, and ask if he would be kind enough to exchange evenly and give him another small pig for the large one that had outgrown its pen. The good Doctor used to tell in all seriousness, how kind his neighbor was to give him a small pig for his large one without charging any difference.—*Cosmopolitan*.

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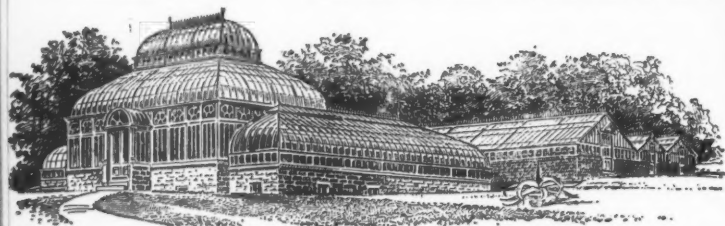
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THE tall girl mused aloud: "What," said she, "can I do to bring the Count to his knees at my feet?"

The short girl laughed a hollow, wan little laugh, with a dash of bitterness in it.

"Suppose," said the short girl, "you drop a dime on the floor."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

THE proprietor of the only hotel in the village was also the undertaker. The guests were gathered around the table one day, and the solemn man looked up, sighed heavily, and then let his gaze fall on his plate. "I see," he said, in measured tones, "that there has been another funeral." Every one looked up inquiringly.

"How do you know?" asked the brisk little widow.

"Because," and the solemn man sighed again, "there are flowers on the table and ice on the butter."—*Hotel Reporter*.

"ONE of the advantages of college life," soliloquized Reuben Wayback, '98, as he pulled himself out of the rush on the campus, "is that you meet so many people."—*Wrinkle*.

ONE night at a court ball in the Tulleries Napoleon III. was so attentive to a beautiful young woman as to excite comment among the other women. At last, in response to a direct tribute to her beauty, she said:

"Ah, but Your Majesty compliments me too much."

"How remarkable," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "that you should say just what every other woman here is thinking."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"AND how is my old friend, the Colonel, spending his declining years?" asked the gentleman who had been North for a long time.

"Beautifully, sah, beautifully. He has a fine farm, sah. And a string of trotters, sah. And a barrel of whisky sixteen years old, and a wife of the same age, sah."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

LITTLE BOY: Mamma, what is a hermit?

MAMMA: A man who goes way off and lives by himself.

"Doesn't he ever have any one to talk to?"

"No."

"I guess womans is never hermits, is they?"—*Good News*.

A WEALTHY old lady, one bitter cold morning, said to her servant: "James, it has been a very cold night, and I am afraid poor Widow Green is suffering. Take her a wheelbarrow load of wood. But James before you go, make up this fire and put more wood on. Then give me a nice mug of flip." James obeyed and was about to start on his errand, when his mistress interposed: "Stop, James, you need not go now; the weather has moderated."—*Witty Sayings*.

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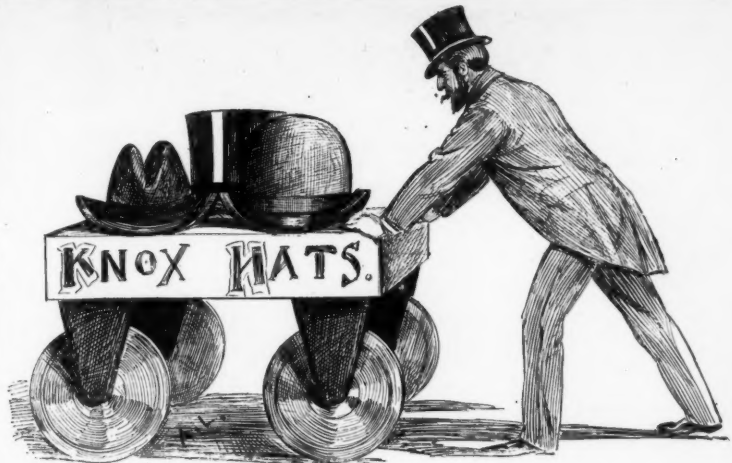


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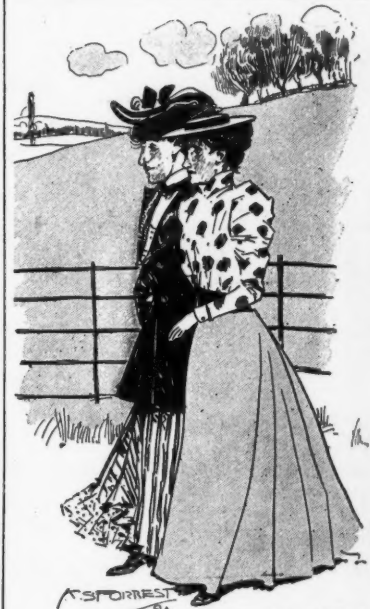
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THE director of one of our Chicago banks  
tells about how his wife overdrew her ac-  
count at the bank last month. "I spoke to  
her about it one evening," says he, "and  
told her she ought to adjust it at once. A  
day or two afterward I asked her if she had  
done what I suggested."

"Oh, yes," she answered, "I attended  
to that matter the very next morning after  
you spoke to me first of it. I sent the bank  
my check for the amount I had overdrawn."  
—Chicago Record.

THE meanest man on record is said to live  
in Center County, Pa. He sold his son-in-  
law one-half interest in a cow, and then re-  
fused to divide the milk, maintaining that he  
sold only the front half. The buyer was  
also required to provide the feed the cow  
consumed, and was compelled to carry water  
to her three times a day. Recently the cow  
hooked the old man, and he is suing the son-  
in-law for damage.—Exchange.

THE response of a certain Frenchman to  
a handsome woman who complained that  
she had discovered three gray hairs in her  
head was paradoxical, but pretty. "Mad-  
dam," he said, "so long as they can be  
counted they don't count!"—Argonaut.



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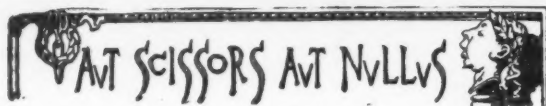
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GEN. SIR EVELYN WOOD, in his reminiscences of the Crimean in 1854 and 1894, tells a story of a fighting general who, during the conflict, was seen wherever bullets fell most thickly. When not visible his voice was heard encouraging his men with "a vocabulary borrowed from 'the army in Flanders,'" which Sir Evelyn says will not bear repetition. "Years after he was appointed to the Aldershot command, and her Majesty happened to ask, 'Has the new general yet taken up his command?' 'Yes, your Majesty,' was the apt reply, 'he swore himself in yesterday.'"—*Westminster Gazette*.

A GENTLEMAN who lives in a Southern town the other day employed a carpenter to partition off a part of his study, and particularly instructed the workman to make the partition sound proof. The carpenter declared that he could do this effectually with a filling of sawdust. When it was finished, the gentleman stood on one side and called to the carpenter on the other: "Can you hear me, Smith?"

"No, sir, not a bit," was the prompt reply.—*Munsey's*.

A PRIEST of Buda, Hungary, recently married a very young couple, and, instead of the usual benediction, amazed principals and witnesses by exclaiming "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."—*Baltimore Herald*.

THE intellectual young lady looked over her glasses at the average young man, and asked, suddenly:

"How old would you take me to be?"

The average young man fell into a train of thought.

"I wonder," said he to himself, "whether she wants to be rated five years younger on the score of her looks, or five years older on account of her brains? Darn these advanced women, anyhow."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

THE DUKE: What on earth are you doing down there, darling?  
THE DUCHESS (formerly Miss May Yohe, of the "Hilarity"): Burning your love letters, dear; there's no need to keep 'em now.—*Exchange*.

MAUD: I understand that Jack proposed to you last night and you refused him?

MARIE: Yes; although, poor fellow, I am afraid that if he had not left me so hurriedly, I might have relented and accepted him.

MAUD: So he told me.—*New York Herald*.

HE was a man who loved his wife and children, and he always wanted them to share with him any of the good things that he came across, says the *Cincinnati Tribune*. On Christmas night he drank too much egg-nogg.

He went to bed as soon as he reached his room. Along in the night he awoke. He had a terrible thirst and felt as though he could bite a branch in twain and swallow the upper end. He got up and went out on the gallery where the water pail sat. The water was covered with ice. He took the dipper, broke the ice, filled the dipper and drank heavy draughts of the chilly fluid.

Ah, how sweet it tasted. He stopped to catch his breath, and then called for his wife.

"Oh, Laura, Laura!"

No answer.

"Laura, L-a-u-r-a!"

Laura was awakened.

"What do you want, dear?" she replied.

"Hurry and wake all the children, and tell 'em to come out here a of this good water."—*Exchange*.

IN a Western court a negro was convicted of stealing a mule. Bef sentence was pronounced, the judge gave him an opportunity to speak for self, and he said:

"I wouldn't er tuck de mule nohow ef I hadn't read in de Testemir Jesus tuck a mule."

The judge remarked: "Yes, but he didn't ride him to Kingston and sell him," and thereupon he gave the negro three years in the penitentiary.

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